

THE ROAD TO FRANCE



Words by
DANIEL M. HENDERSON

Music by
SIGNE LUND

Text and Music awarded First Prize by
THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB
in its War Song Competition
New York, October 31, 1917

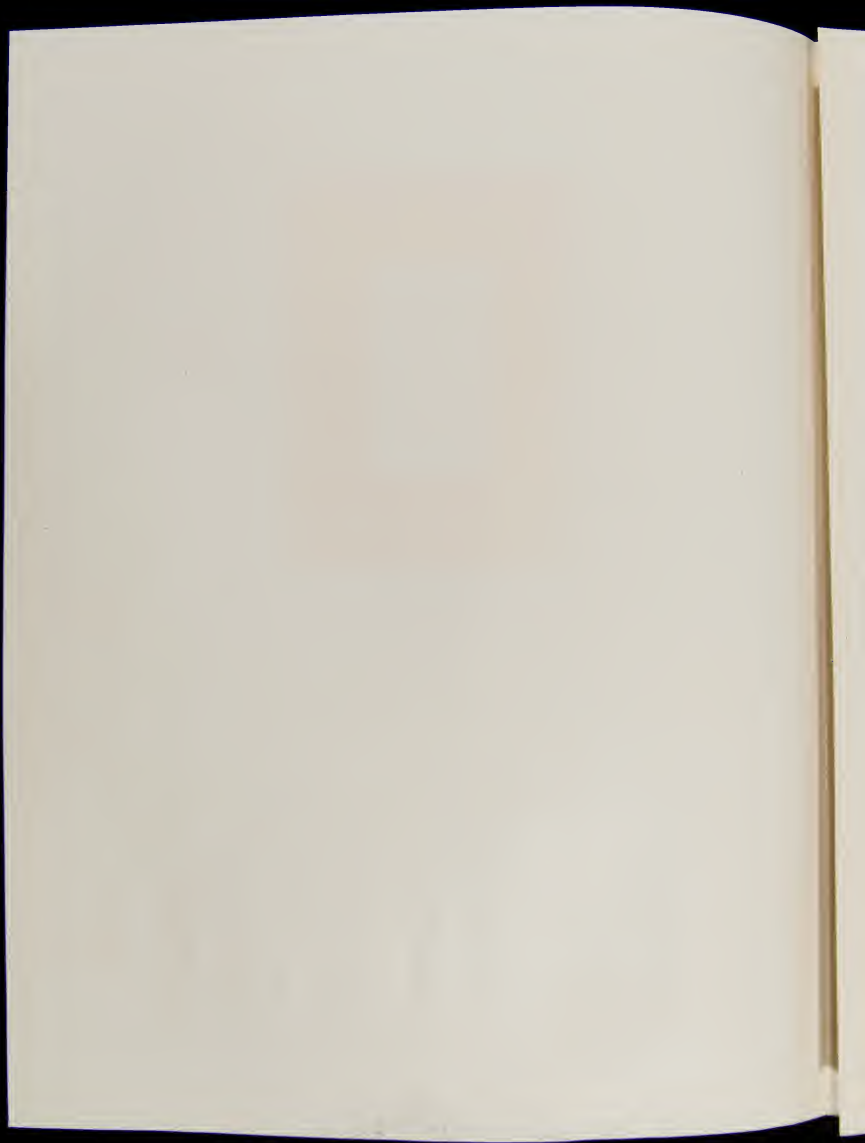
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The Road to France

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Words by
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Music by
Signe Lund

Alla marcia

Voice

1. Thank

Piano

God, our lib - er - at - ing lance Goes flam - ing on the way to France! To
France, how could our hearts for - get The path by which came La - fa - yette? At
lies, you have not called in vain! We share your con - flict and your pain! "Old

France, the trail the Gur - khas found! To France, old Eng - lands ral - lying ground! To
last, thank God, at last we see There is no tri - bal lib - er - ty, No
Glo - ry," through new stains and rents, Par - takes of Free - dom's sac - ra - ments! Re -

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ff *p*

France, the path the Rus-sians strode! To France, the An-zacs' glo-ry - road! To
 bea-con light-ing just our shores! No free-dom guard-ing but our doors! The
 plen-ish, com-rades, from our veins The blood the sword of des-pot drains, And

ff

f *f*

France, where our lost Le-gion ran To fight and die for God and man! To
 flame she kin-dled for our sires Burns now in Eu-rope's bat-tle-fires! The
 make our ea-ger sac-ri-fice A part of that free-rend-ered price You

p *mf*

France, with ev-ry race and breed Who hate op-pres-sion's bru-tal creed! Who
 soul that led our fa-thers west Turns back to free the world's op-pressed! Turns
 pay to lift hu-man-i-ty, You pay to make our broth-ers free! Be -

cresc.

ff *ad lib.*

dare for us the bat - tle's chance In France, in
back to crush our foe's ad - vance Through France, through
hold, how proud - ly we ad - vance To France, to

I. & II.

France!
France!

2. Ah,
3. Al -

mf *r.h.*

III.

fff

France!

ff *r.h.* *r.h.* *r.h.* *r.h.* *r.h.* *r.h.* *r.h.*

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS
Composer of
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit

Slower, with feeling.

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HIGH IN B₃

MEDIUM IN G

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissolve
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home;
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home;

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street

G. SCHIRMER

New York

To the Members of the Chorus of the
WORCESTER ORATORIO SOCIETY.

The ROAD TO FRANCE

— Song —

with Piano Accompaniment
also
Quartette or Chorus Arrangement for Mixed Voices

Words

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

Music

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

40

— BOSTON —
C. W. THOMPSON & Co.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

Alla marcias $\text{♩} = 60$

Thank God, our lib - er - a - ting lance Goes
 Ah France, how could our hearts for - get The
 Al - lies, you have not called in vain! We

flam - ing on the way to France! To France, the
 path by your which came La - fay - ette? At last, thank
 share your con - flict and your pain! "Old Glo - ry,"

trail the Gur-khas found! To France, Old Eng-land's ral-lying ground! To
 God! at last we see There is no tri - bal lib - er - ty! No
 through new stains and rents, Par - takes of Freedom's sac - ra - ments! In -

Orchestra parts in Ms. may be obtained of the Publishers
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France, the path the Rus - sians strode! To France, the An - zacs'
bea - con light - ing just our shores! No free - dom guard - ing
to that hell his will cre - ates We drive the foe; his

cre. c. poco a poco

glo - ry road! To France, where our Lost Le - gion ran To
but our doors! The flame she kin - died for our sires Burns
lusts, his hates! Last come, we will be last to stay Till

sempre cresc. *f* *ff*

fight and die for God and man! To France!
now in Eu - rope's bat - tle fires! To France!
Right has had her crown - ing day! To France!

ff *mf*

To France!
To France!
To France!

To The Re -

hates Op - pres - sion's bru - tal creed! Who
back to the free sword of the world's op - pressed! Turns
blood the sword of des - pot - drains! See,

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Battle of Tewkesbury". The score is written on two staves, with the upper staff for the vocal melody and the lower staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Lyrics:

would not brave the bat- tles chance For
back to crush our foe's ad- vance Through
with what proud our hearts we ad- vance To

Musical score for "The Marseillaise" in G major, 3/4 time. The score is for voice and piano. The vocal line features the lyrics: "France! France! France! For Through To France! France! France!". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (ff) section with triplets and a section marked "D.C." (Da Capo). The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing multiple notes and rests. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

Alla marcia $\text{♩} = 60$

1. Thank God, our lib-er-a-ting lance Goes flam-ing on the way to France! To France, the
 2. Ah France, how could our hearts forget The path by which came La-fay-ette? At last, thank
 3. Al-lies, you have not called in vain! We share your con-flict and your pain! Old Glo-ry

trail the Gur-khus found! To France, Old England's rally-ing ground! To France, the path the Russians strode! To
 God! at last we see There is no tri-bal lib-er-ty! No Bea-con light-ing just our shores! No
 through new stairs and rents, Par-takes of Freedom's Sac-ra-ments! In-to that hell his will cre-ates We

France, the An-zacs' glo-ry-road! To France, where our Lost Legion ran to fight and die for
 free-dom guard-ing but our doors! The flame she kin-dled for our sires Burns now in Eu-rope's
 drive the foe, his lusts, his hates! Last come, we will be last to stay, Till Right has had her

God and man! To France! To France! To France, with ev'-ry race and breed That
 bat-tle fires! To France! To France! The soul that led our fa-thers west Turns
 crowning day! To France! To France! Re-plen-ish comrades from our veins, The

hates Op-pres-sion's bru-tal creed! Who would not brave the bat-tle's chance For France! For France!
 back to free the world's oppressed! Turns back to crush our foe's advance Through France! Through France!
 blood the sword of des-pot drains. See with what proud hearts we advance To France! To France!

A HUNDRED MILLION STRONG

Words by
Rev. ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

Music by
ROBERT E. S. OLMSTED

Strongly, in March time

1. The

her - alds of the Na - tion Are call - ing from the sky, Then
 2. cross the storm - y wa - ters Where lurks the death un - seen, With
 3. fran - tic grief of wo - men, And the woe and plain - tive cry, And the
 4. brood - ies from the cit - ies, Rough Rid - ers from the plains, Fall
 5. blood of our fore - fa - thers, For Truth and Jus - tice shed, Shall

wake, ye sons of Free - dom, Go forth to do and die! Let the
 bat - tle tur - rets shot - ted, 'Gainst the vi - per sub - ma - rine, Sail
 tears of starv - ing chil - dren Flout the face of earth and sky, From the
 in! the bu - gle's sound - ing To the tune of mar - tial stains, With the
 we, the sons of Free - dom, Be re - creant to our dead? God

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